

FOREIGN ADDRESS

O R,

The best ARGUMENT for PEACE.

Occasion'd by the

BRITISH FLEET,

AND THE

POSTURE of AFFAIRS

When the PARLIAMENT met, 1734

Musa dedit FIDIBUS Divos, Puerosq; Deorum.

HOR.

By a SAILOR.



L O N D O N.

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January 29th

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The best Argument for PEACE

BRITISH FLEET

POSTURE OF AFFAIRS

WID
HOT



BRITISH MUSEUM
LAW
OF
33

FOREIGN ADDRESS.



E guardian Gods! who wait on Kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising Thought; solicit, I beseech,
For a poor *Stranger*, come from far;
Procure a suppliant Traveller
Ease of access, and the soft hour of Speech.

II.

'TIS gain'd : Hail *Monarchs* great, and wise!
From distant climes, and dusky skies,
O'er Seas, and Lands I flew, your ear to claim :
Yours is the Sun, and purple Vine ;
Deep in the frozen *NORTH* I pine ;
Nor Vine, nor Sun could warm me like my Theme.

III.

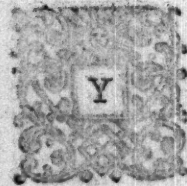
A Theme, how great ? on yonder Tide,
A leafless Forest spreading wide,
The labour of the deep, my Muse surveys :
A FLEET, whose Empire o'er the Wave,
YOU grant, TIME strengthens, NATURE gave ;
Now big with Death, the Terror of the Seas !

IV.

YE Great by Sea ! ye Shades ador'd !
Who fir'd the Bomb, and bath'd the Sword,
Arise ! arise ! arise ! 'tis BRITAIN charms :
Arise, ye Boast of former wars !
And pointing to your glorious Scars,
Rouze me to *verse*, your martial sons to *arms*.

V.

'TIS done : and see, sweet CLIO brings
From heav'n her deep-resounding Strings :
CLIO ! the † God, which gave thy charming *Shell*,
Demands its most exalted Strain,
To sing the Sovereign of the Main :
Of Ocean's Queen, what *wonders* wilt thou tell ?



VI.

SUCH wonders as may pass for sport,
Or vision, in a Southern Court :
But, mighty Thrones ! those Truths which make me glow,
Your Fathers saw, your Sons shall see,
Then quit your infidelity ;
Some Truths 'tis better to *believe*, than *know*.

† Neptune.

s A

BE-

VII

Believe me, Kings ! at BRITAIN'S Nod,
From each enchanted grove, and wood,
Huge Oaks stalk down th' unshaded mountain's side ;
The lofty Pines assume new forms,
Fly round the Globe, and live in storms ;
And tread, and triumph on the wond'ring Tyde.

VIII

SHE nods again : the labouring Earth
Discloses a stupendous birth ;
In smoaking rivers runs her molten Ore ;
Thence, Monsters of enormous size,
And hideous nature, frowning rise,
Flame from the Deck, from trembling Bastions roar.

XIII

These Ministers of wrath fulfill,
On Empires wide, an Island's will ;
If Friends insulted, or sworn Treaties broke,
Or sacred Reason's injur'd Cause,
Or Nations violated Laws,
BRITANNIA'S Vengeance, and the Gods provoke.

XIV

As yet, Peace sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous Magazine ;
Her Cannon slumber, at the worlds desire :
But, give just cause, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the Seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd Masters soul of fire.

B

Then

XI.

Then, *Furies* rise ! the Battle raves !
And rends the Skies, and warms the Waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful Deep,
In spight of nature, spight of Jove,
While all-serene, and hush'd above,
The boist'rous Winds in azure chambers sleep.

XII.

THIS, this, my *Monarchs* ! is the Scene
For hearts of proof, for Gods of men ;
Here Wars whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent !
You sport in arms ; how pale, how tame,
How lambent is *BELLONA's* flame,
How her storms languish, on the Continent ;

XIII.

A swarm of Deaths, the mighty Bomb,
Now, scatters from her glowing womb ;
Now, the chain'd Bolts in dread alliance joyn'd,
Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
And leave a sing'd, and naked hull behind.

XIV.

Now — but I'm struck with pale despair :
My *Patrons* ! what a Burst was there ?
The strong-rib'd Barks at once displying fly !
Insatiate Death ! Compendious Fate !
Deep wound to some brave bleeding State !
One moment's *Guilt*, a thousand Heroes die.

The

XV.

The great, gay, graceful, young, and brave,
 (Short Obsequies!) the fable wave
 Involves in endless night: ye graveless Dead!
 Where are your Conquests? now you rove
 Pale, pensive, thro' the *Coral* grove,
 Or shrink from **BRITAIN** in your oozy bed.

XVI.

While Virgins fair, with tender toil,
 Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
 Low lie the brows for which the wreath's design'd,
 In *Sea-weed* wrapt: alas! how vain
 The hope, the joy, the care, the pain,
 The love, and godlike valour of mankind?

XVII.

Of brass his heart who durst *explore*,
 Lockt up in triple brass, and more,
 Who, when explor'd, the Secret durst *explain*,
 How, in one instant, at one blow,
 The Maiden's sigh, the Mother's throe,
 Of half a widow'd land, to render vain.

XVIII

See! yon cowl'd *Fryar* in his cell,
 With sulphur, flame, and crucible;
 And can the charms of gold that Saint inspire?
 O cursed cause! O curs'd event!
 O wond'rous pow'r of *Accident*!
 He rivals Gods, and sets the Globe on fire.

But

XIX.

But the rank growth of modern Ill,
Too well deserv'd *that fatal Skill*;
The Skill, by which *Destruction* swiftly runs;
And seas, and lands, and worlds lays waste,
With far more terror, far more hast,
Than antient NIMROD, and his haughty Sons.

XX.

In Frown, and Force old *War* must yield;
The Chariot-scyth'd, which mow'd the field,
The Ram, the castled Elephant were tame;
Tame to rang'd Ordnance, which denies
Superior terror to the skies;
And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame.

XXI.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell, the sinking throng,
The graveless dead, an Ocean warm'd,
A Firmament by mortals form'd,
To wrong'd BRITANNIA'S angry Brow belong.

XXII.

Or do I dream, or do I rave?
Or do I see the gloomy Cave,
Where Jove's red Bolts the giant Brothers frame?
The swarthy Gods of Toil and Heat,
Loud peals on mountain-anvils beat,
While panting Tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XXIII.

Ye sons of *ÆTNA*! hear my call;
 Let your unfinish'd labours fall;
 That shield of *MARS*, *MINERVA*'s helmet blue;
 Suspend your toils, ye brawny Throng!
 Charm'd by the magick of my song,
 Drop the *feign'd* Thunder, and attempt the *true*.

XXIV.

Begin; and first, take winged *Flight*,
 Fierce *Flames*, and clouds of thickest *Night*,
 And trembling *Terror*, paler than the dead;
 Then, borrow from the North his *Roar*,
 Mix *Groans*, and *Death*; one viol pour
 Of dread *BRITANNIA*'s *Wrath*, and It is made.

XXV.

Yet, *Peace* celestial! may thy charms,
 Still fire our breasts, tho' clad in arms:
 If scenes of blood avenging Fates decree,
 For Thee, the sword brave *BRITONS* wield;
 For Thee, charge o'er th' embattled field;
 Or plunge thro' seas, thro' crimson seas, for Thee.

XXVI.

Ev'n now for Peace the Gods are prest;
 We woo the Nations to be blest;
 For Peace, *victorious Kings*! we call to you:
 For Peace, on pinions of the *Dove*,
 Soft emblem of eternal love!
 Thro' wintry, black, tempestuous skies I flew.

XXVII.

My * former lays of rough contents,
 Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
 Were but as peals of Ordinance to confess
 Your height of Dignity ; to clear
 Your deaf, your late-obstructed ear ;
 And wake attention to more mild Address.

XXVIII.

Have I not heard *Ton both* declare,
 Your souls detest the purple war,
 And melt in anguish for the world's repose ?
 Hail then, all hail ! your wish is crown'd,
 Your god-like Zeal thro' Time renown'd,
 Thro' EUROPE blest ; with joy her heart o'erflows.

XIX.

Your Friend, your Brother of the North,
 To meet your arms, comes smiling forth,
 And leads soft-handed Peace : how pow'ful He ?
 His num'rous Race, the blossoms bright
 Of golden Empire, radiant Sight !
 Endless beam on into Eternity.

XXX.

What long Allies ? — the Virgin tram,
 Your most obdurate foes may gain :
 See, how their charms in *lineal* lustre shine ?
 Thro' ev'ry *genuine* branch, the Sire
 Has darted rays of temper'd fire ;
 The Mother breath'd soft Air, and Bloom divine.

XXXI.

* The foregoing Stanzas.

XXXI.

How fair the Field? ye, † *Antian* Bees!

The flow'rs ambrosial fondly *smile*,
Luxurious draw the sweet *Hyblean* strain

That Gods may lean from Heav'n to hear,

And my *Thron'd* Patrons ravish'd ear,

The souls rich nectar drink, and thirst again.

XXII.

Ev'n mine, They *taste*; and with success:

Ambition's fumes my strains repress;

The *Fever* flies; no noxious thoughts ferment;

No *Frenzy*, taking friends for foes;

The pulse subsides; they seek repose:

Nor I my winged Embassy repent.

XXXVI.

No: by the blood of *BLÉNHEIM's* plain,

I swear, the rumour'd war is vain;

Shall *GALLIC* faith, and friendship ever cease?

I swear, by *EUROPE's* lovely dread,

I swear, by great *ELIZA's* shade,

The *wise* *IBERIAN* is the friend of Peace.

XXXIV.

Yet, least I fail, (for Prophets' old,

Not all *infallibly* foretold)

We set our naval terrors in array.

Know *BRITONS*! an *AUGUSTUS* reigns;

If foes compel, send forth your chains,

While haughty Thrones, unceasing, might obey!

How fair the Field? Ye, f— XXXIV.

O could I sing as You have fought!

I'd raise a monument of Thought,

Bright as the Sun! — How you burnt at my heart?

How the *Drums* all around?

Soul-rouzing resound? . . .

Swift-drawn from the thigh, . . .

How the *Swords* flame on high?

How the *Cannon*, deep knell!

Fates of Kingdoms foretell?

How to Battle, to Battle, sick of feminine Art,

How to Battle, to Conquest, to Glory we dart?

XXXVI.

But who gives Conquest? He, whose Ray

To darkness sinks the blaze of day;

Whose boundless Favour far out-flows the main;

Whose Pow'r the raging waves can still, —

O curb more rebel human will,

With Peace O! bless us, or in War sustain.

XXXVII.

Do'st Thou sustain? — Ye twinkling Fry!

That swim the seas, glide gently by;

Tho' your scales glitter, tho' your numbers swarm,

Ah! gently glide, for life's dear sake;

Nor dare *Leviathan* awake,

Who spouts a River, and who breaths a Storm.

Would

XXXVIII.

Wou'd *you* a Nation's Genius know ?
 Alike her Bards, and Warriors, glow :
Higb sounds my Song ? Immortal breaths the Lyre ?
 Along the Chords *that* ardour runs,
 Which stings BRITANNIA's rushing Sons
 'To flaming Deeds, — might nobler Lays inspire.

XXXIX.

If still vain hopes of Conquest swell ;
 How vain even Conquest, ponder well :
 It stains, it brands, but when the Cause is Good :
 Are you not *Men* ? Think, what are they,
 Your wanton Wars reduce to clay ;
 Nor lay the *Summer's* Dust with *kindred* blood.

XL.

Is there a Charm in dying Groans ?
 * See yonder Vale of human Bones !
 The generous Heart would melt, that won the Day :
 Would melt, and with the Prophet, cry,
 “ To breath new Souls, ye Zephyrs ! fly ;
 “ Ye winged Brothers, all ! haft, haft away”.

XLI.

Frown *you* ? frown on ; your Hour is past !
 The Signal wafted in *that* Blast,
 Speaks Britains awful Senate met : beware,
 Least in her Scale, (the womb of Right !)
 With all your Arms, you're found too light,
 Till Smiles encrease that *Waight*, your Frowns impair.

D

For

* Ezek.

XLII.

For mark the Scene of deep Debate,
Where BRITONS sit on EUROPE's Fate;
What loom'd Exploit adorns it, and inspires?
The Walls, the very Walls advise;
Each mean, degenerate thought chastise;
And rouse the sons with all their *Fathers* fires:

XLIII.

Teach them the Style *They* us'd of old.
Would BRITAIN have her anger told?
O! never let a meaner Language sound,
Than that, which thro' black Æther rows,
Than that, which prostrates human souls,
And rocks pale Realms, when angry Gods have frown'd.

XLIV.

Gods, and their noblest Offspring *here*,
Soft terms refus'd, impose *severe*:
Ye Nations! know; know, all ye sceptre'd Pow'rs!
In sulphurous Night, and massy Balls,
And floods of Flame, the Tempest falls,
When Pride *presumes*, and BRITAIN's Senate low'rs.

XLV.

A brighter *Æra* is begun!
Our Fame advances with the Sun!
A *Virgin* Senate blooms! Her bosom heaves
With something great, with something new;
Something our God-like Sires may view,
And not Abash'd shrink back into their graves.

XLVI.

XLVI.

No ! BRITAIN's slumbering Genius wakes ;
 What other *Churchills* ? other *Drakes* ? —
 What CASTLE nods ? what LILLIES cease to smile ?
 What LYON roars ? what Fleets in flight ?
 What Towns in flames ! (prophetick Sight !)
 What EAGLE mounting from the burning Pile ?

LVII.

AND NOW, WHO censures *this Address* ?
Thus, Crowns, States, Common-men, make Peace :
 They swell, sooth, double, dive, swear, pray, defy :
 And when rank *Interest* has prevail'd,
 And *Artifice* the Treaty seal'd,
 Stark Love, and Conscience own the bastard Tie.

LVIII.

Ambassadors, ye mouths of Kings !
 Ye *missive* monarchs ! empire's wings !
 What tho' the Muse *your* province proudly chose ?
 'Tis a reprizal fairly made,
 Her province you long since invade,
 Ye perfect *Poets* ! in the vale of *Prose*.

XLIX.

More safe, O Muse ! that humble Vale,
 Than the proud surge, and stormy gale :
 Thy dangerous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er :
Dulness, and *Frenzy* curse thy streams,
 Rocks, infamous for murder'd names !
 O ! strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore.

While

While warmer Climes, in cooler strains,
On tented fields; or dusty plains,
The bleeding horse, and horseman hurl to ground,
'Tis mine to sing, and sing the first,
That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
Of war, which bellows thro' the seas profound.

LI.

Nor mean the song, or great my blame;
When *sub* the Patrons, *such* the Theme,
Who might not glow, fear, paint, with rage divine,
Truth, simple *Truth*, I proudly dress,
In *Fancy's* robe; her flow'ry Vest
Dipt in the curious colours of the *Nine*.

LII.

But ah! 'tis past: I sink; I faint;
Nor more can glow, or fear, or paint;
The resluent raptures from my bosom rowl;
To Heav'n returns the *sacred Maid*,
And all her golden visions fade,
Ne'er to revisit my tumultuous soul.

LIII.

My vocal *Shell*! which *THE TIS* form'd
Beneath the waves, which *VENUS* warm'd
With all her charms, (if antient tales be true)
And in thy pearly bosom glow'd,
E'er *PEAN* silver chords bellow'd,
My *Shell*! which *OLIO* gave, which *Kings* applaud,
Which *EUROPE's* bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
Adieu, Pacifick Lyre! my *taurell'd Thrones*! adieu.
Hear *ATTICUS*! your *Sailor's* song; I sing, I live for you.

11:7:49

F I N I S.